

# The Low Highway

Steve Earle

Travelin' now  
On the low highway  
Three thousand miles  
To the Frisco Bay

Cross the rivers wild  
And the lonesome plains  
Up the coast and down  
And back again

Saw empty houses on a dead end street  
People linin up for something to eat  
And the ghost of America watching me  
Through the broken windows of the factories

Pickin bones of a better day  
As I roll on the down the low highway

Travelin' now  
On the low highway  
By the yellow moon  
And the light of day

From the snow white crown  
Of the mountain tall  
To the valley down  
Where the shadows fall

Met a man with a rifle in his hand  
Been away to battle in a distant land  
Taught him to hate taught him to kill  
Now he's out on the road with a hole to fill

Nobody knows the price he paid  
So he takes his toll on the low highway

Travelin' now  
On the low highway  
Windows down  
Listenin

Wheels turnin round  
On the asphalt sayin  
Every sound  
Is a prophecy

Heard and old man grumble and a young girl cry  
Brick wall crumble and the white dove fly  
And a cry for justice and a call for peace  
Force of reason in the roar of the beast

And every mile is a prayer I prayed  
As I roll down  
The low highway